

A DELL COMIC •
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A DELL COMIC •

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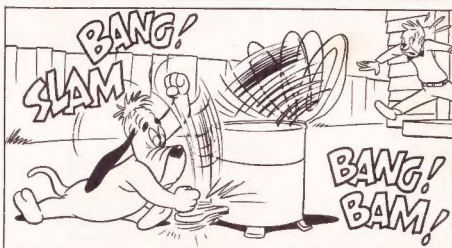
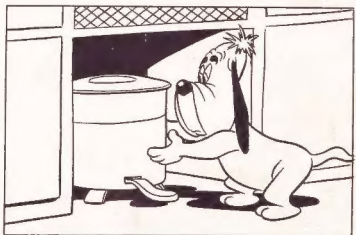
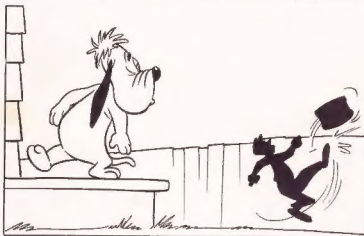
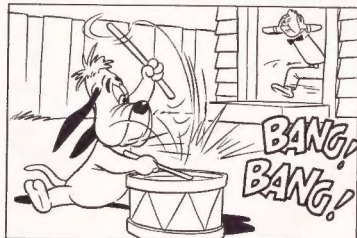
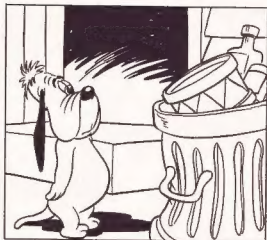


52 pages
ALL COMICS!

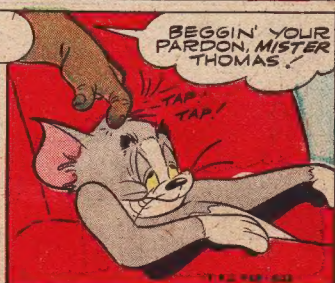
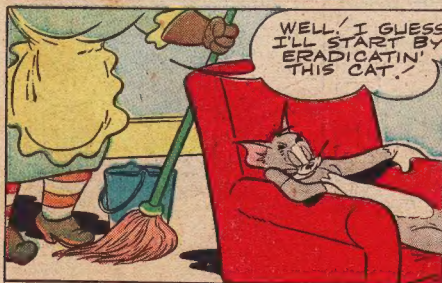
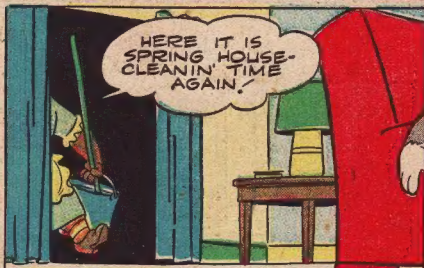
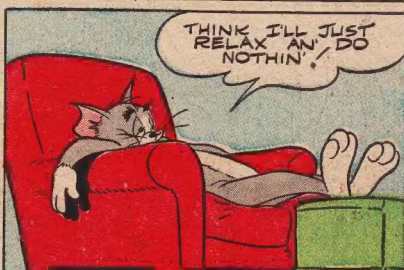
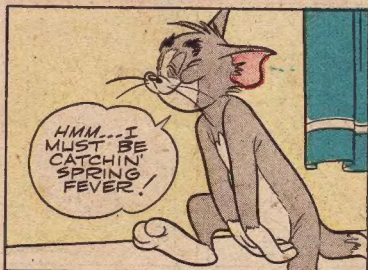
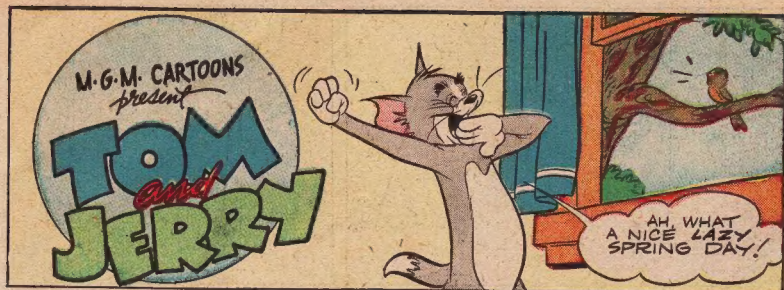
TOM & JERRY COMICS

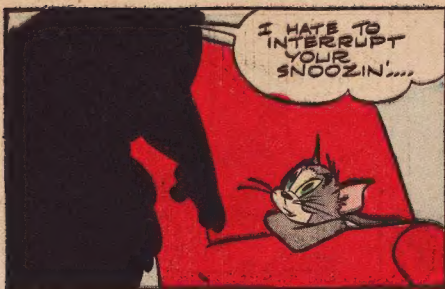


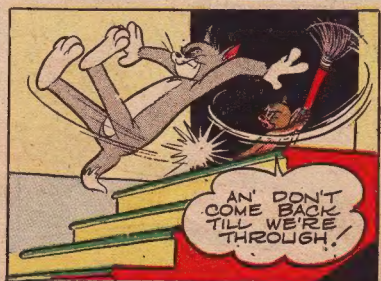
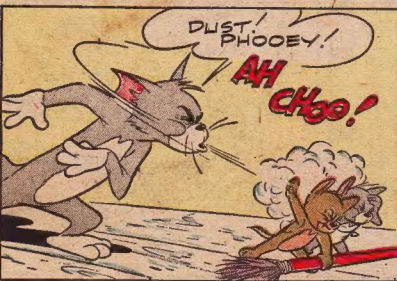
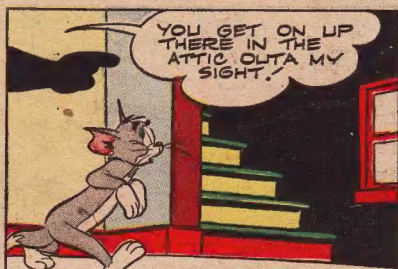
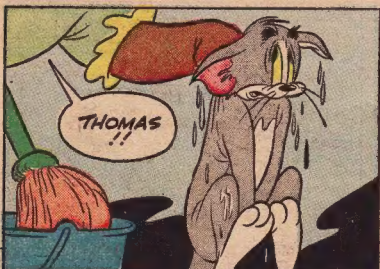
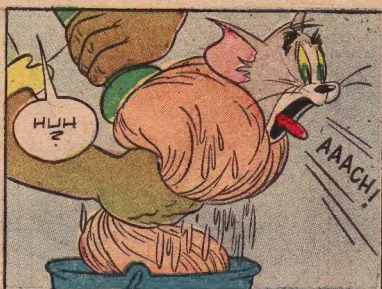
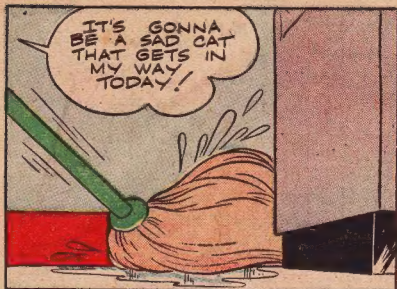
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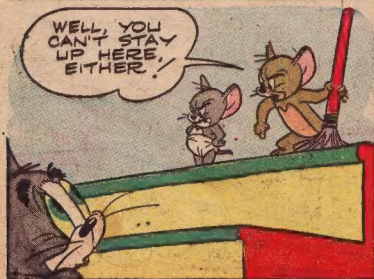
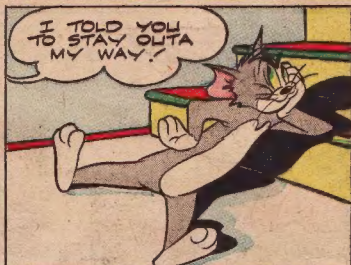
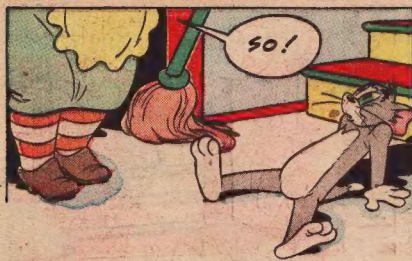


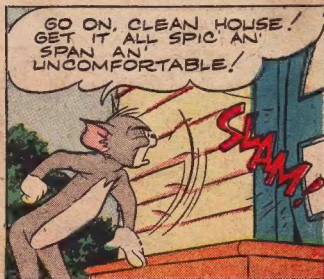
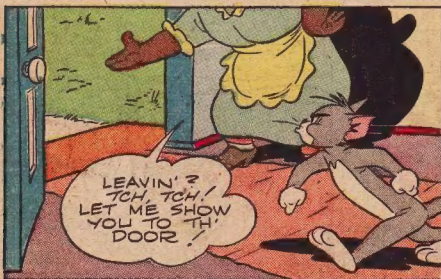
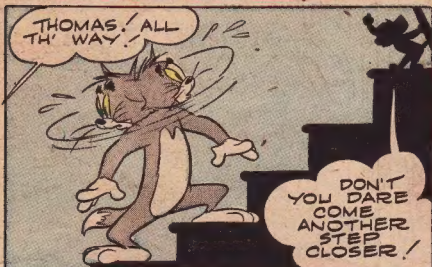
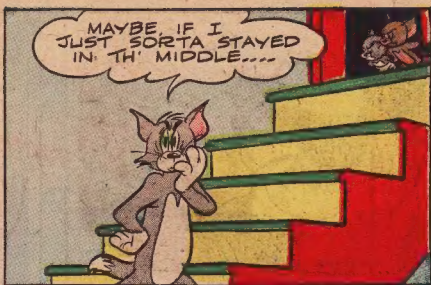
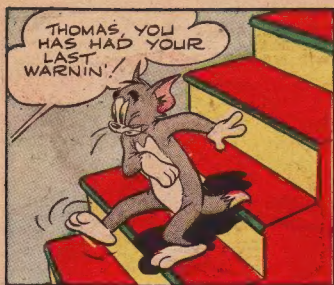
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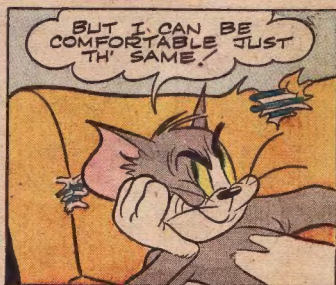
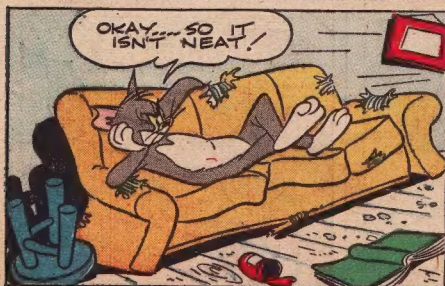
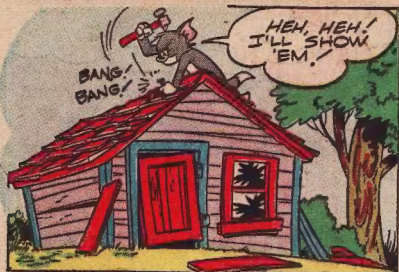
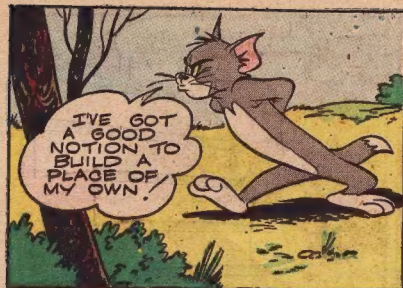


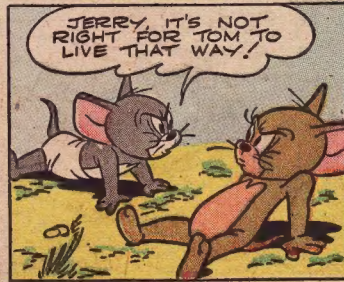
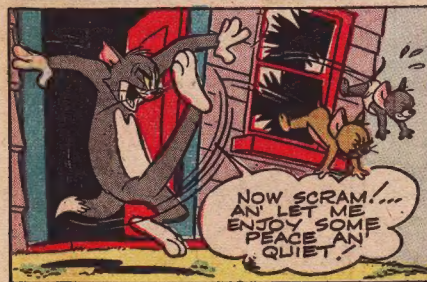
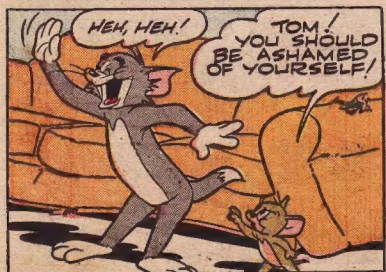
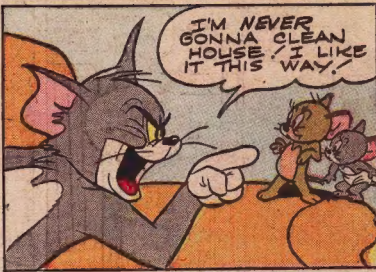
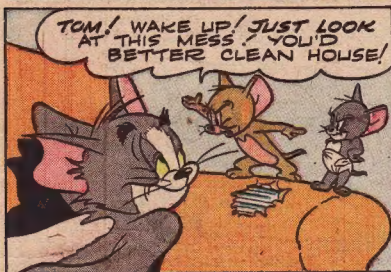
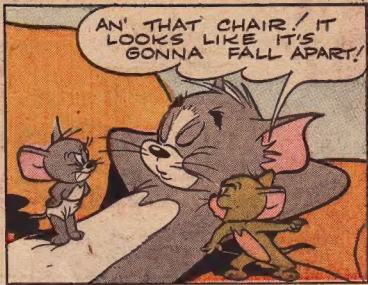




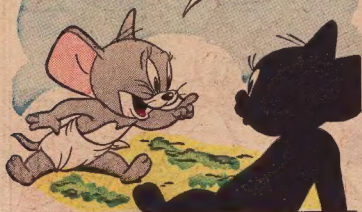




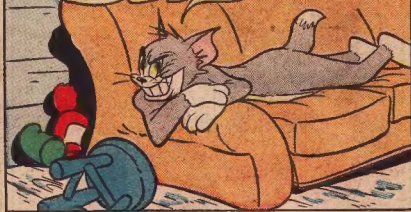




HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN...



(CHUCKLE) I REALLY LAID DOWN TH' LAW TO THOSE MICE!

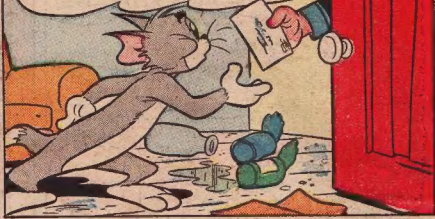


KNOCK!
KNOCK

HMM... WHO'S THAT?

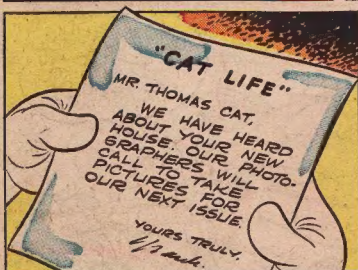


A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR T. CAT.

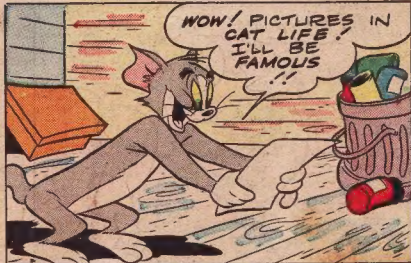


"CAT LIFE"
MR. THOMAS CAT,
WE HAVE HEARD ABOUT YOUR NEW HOUSE. OUR NEW GRAPHERS WILL CALL TO TAKE PICTURES FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE.

YOURS TRULY,
G. J. Smith.



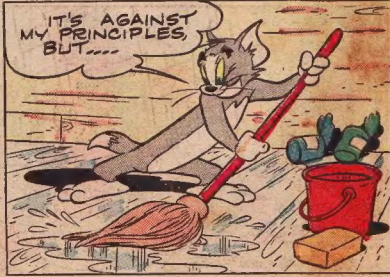
WOW! PICTURES IN CAT LIFE! I'LL BE FAMOUS!!

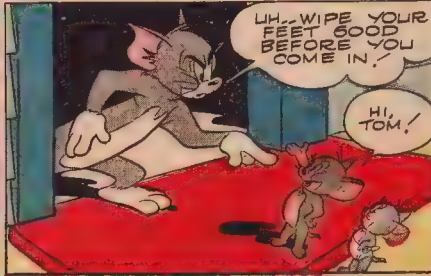
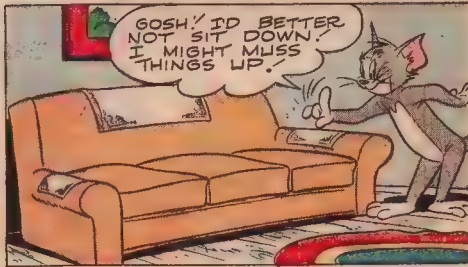
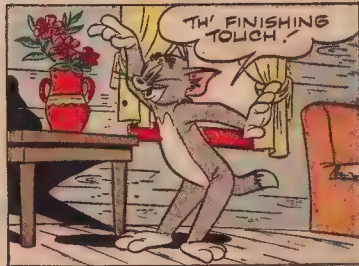
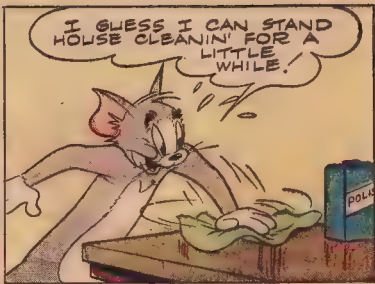
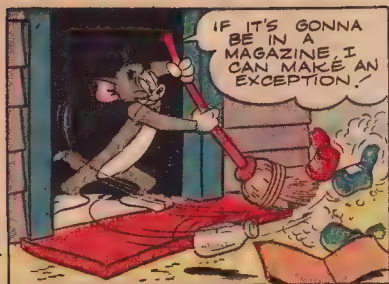


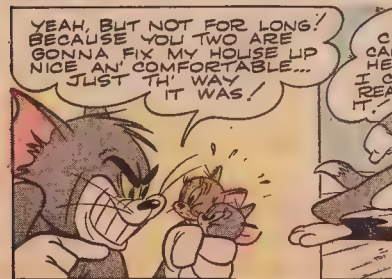
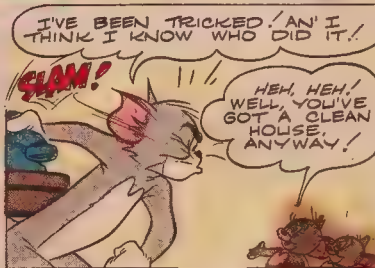
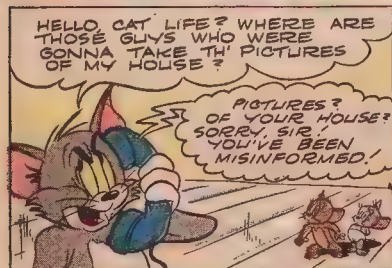
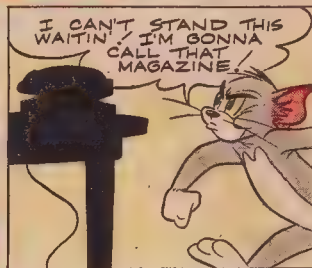
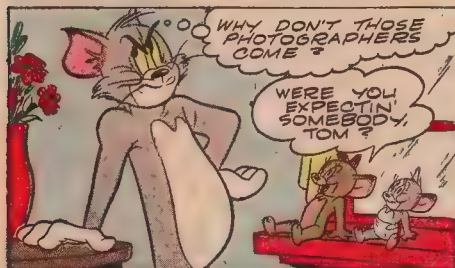
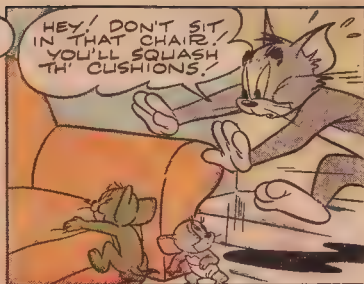
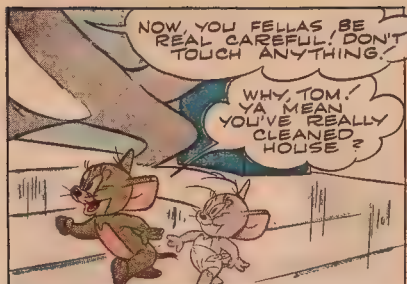
OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO TIDY TH' PLACE UP A BIT!



IT'S AGAINST MY PRINCIPLES, BUT...



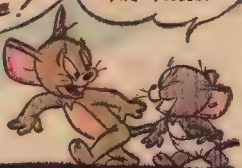




M-G-M. CARTOONS
present
**Jerry
and
Tuffy**

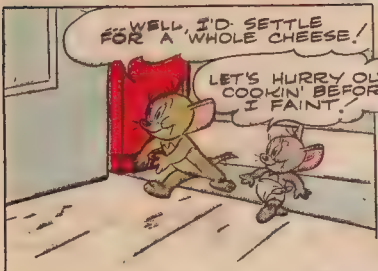
WOW! I'M
STARVIN'! THERE'S
NOTHIN' LIKE A
HIKE TO GIVE
YOU AN
APPETITE!

I COULD
EAT A TIGER
AN' A LION
AN' A



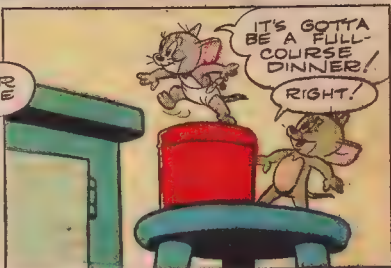
WELL, I'D SETTLE
FOR A WHOLE CHEESE!

LET'S HURRY OUR
COOKIN' BEFORE
I FAINT!

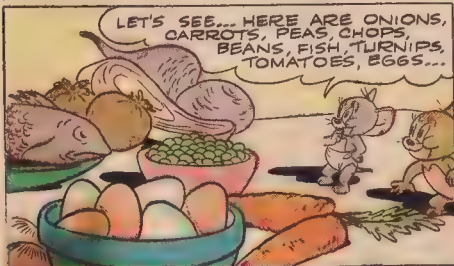


IT'S GOTTA
BE A FULL-
COURSE
DINNER!

RIGHT!

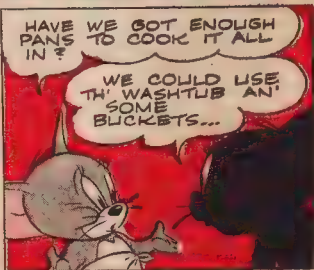


LET'S SEE... HERE ARE ONIONS,
CARROTS, PEAS, CHOPS,
BEANS, FISH, TURNIPS,
TOMATOES, EGGS...



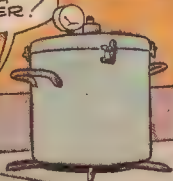
HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH
PANS TO COOK IT ALL
IN?

WE COULD USE
TH' WASHTUB AN'
SOME
BUCKETS...



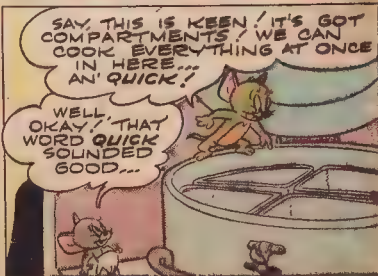
AN' THERE'S TH'
PRESSURE COOKER!

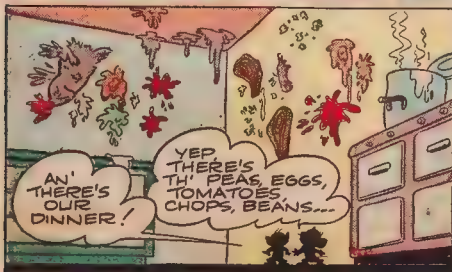
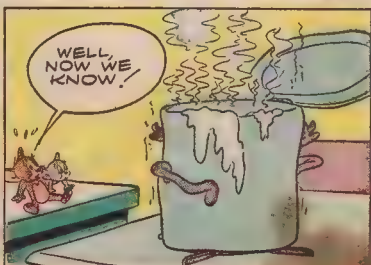
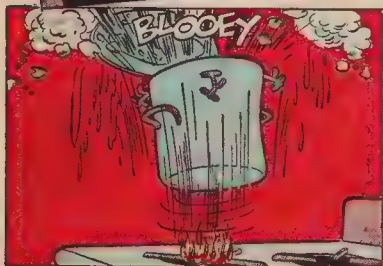
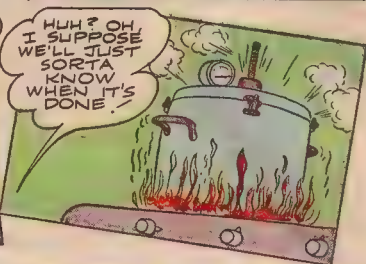
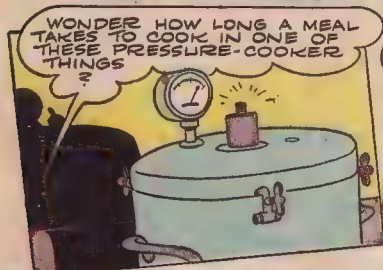
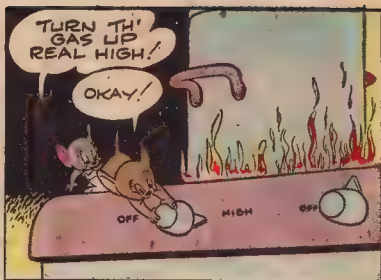
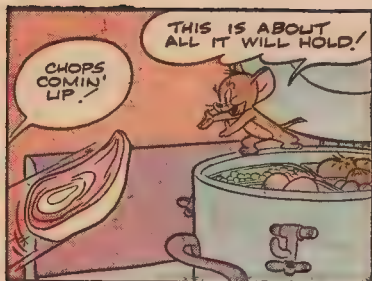
YEAH, BUT
WILL IT HOLD
EVERYTHING?
I'M AWFUL
HUNGRY!

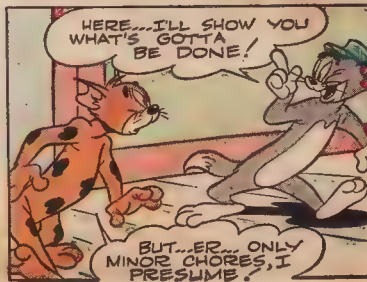
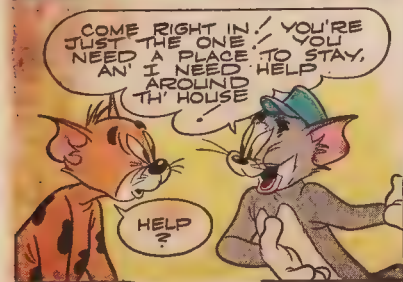
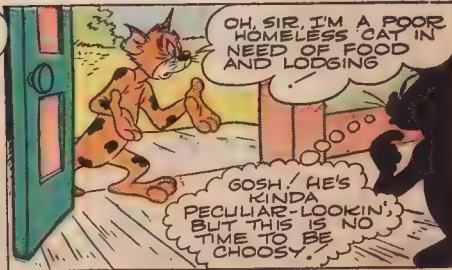
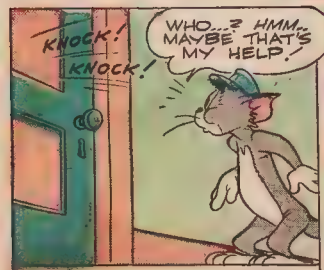
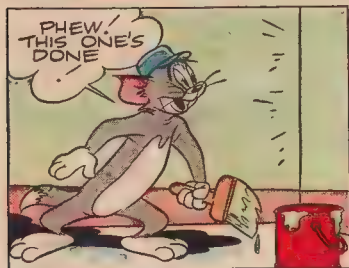
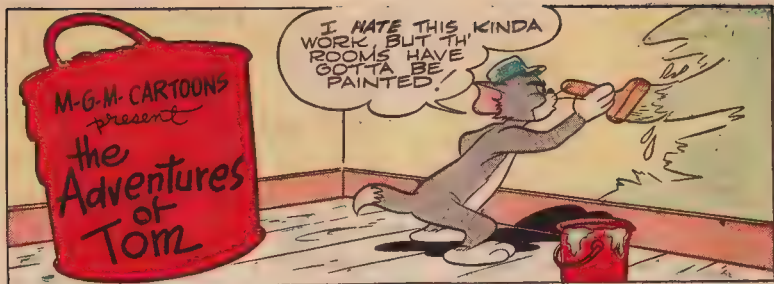


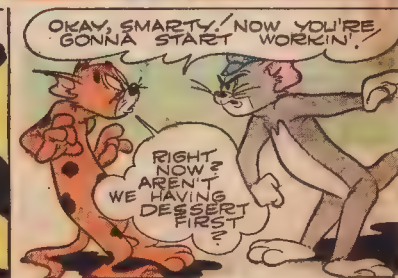
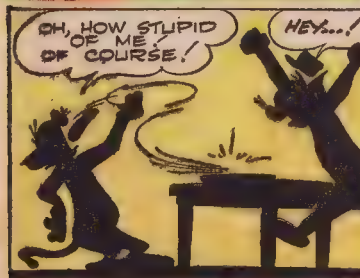
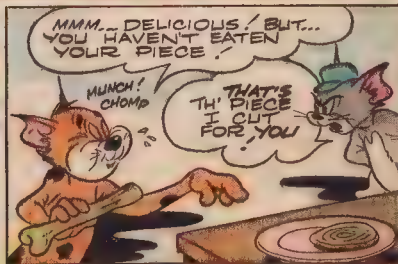
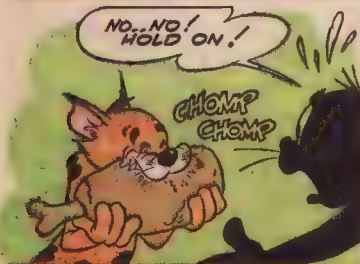
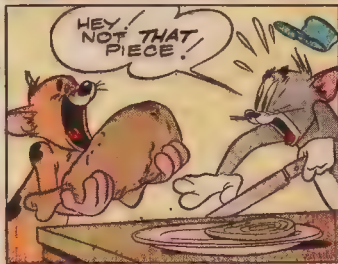
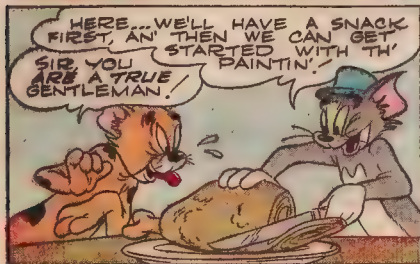
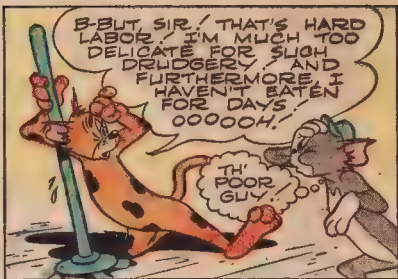
SAY, THIS IS KEEN! IT'S GOT
COMPARTMENTS! WE CAN
COOK EVERYTHING AT ONCE
IN HERE...
AN' QUICK!

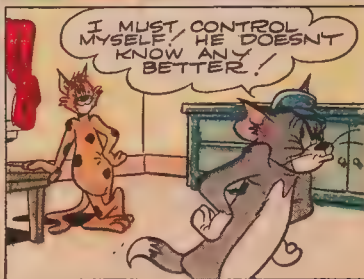
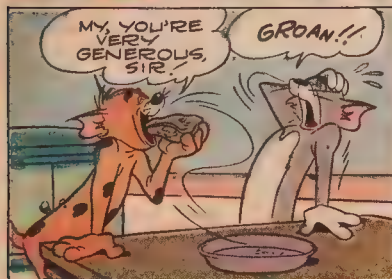
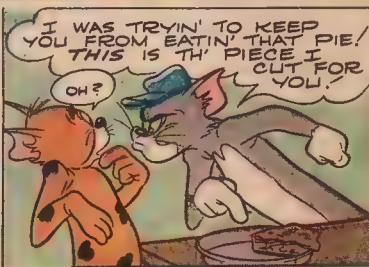
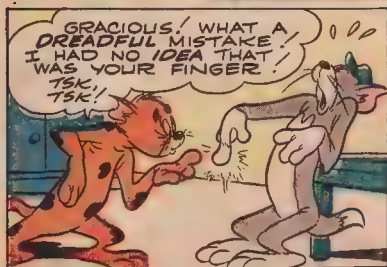
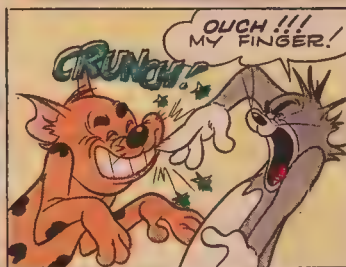
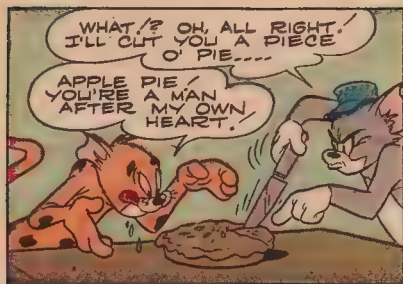
WELL,
OKAY, THAT
WORD QUICK
SOUNDED
GOOD...

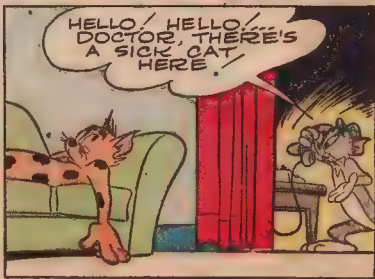
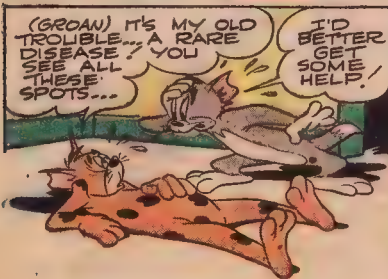
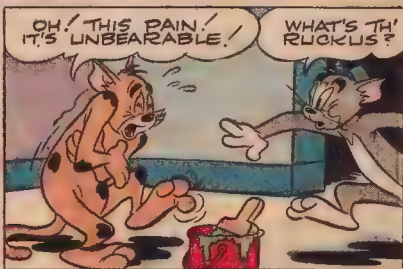
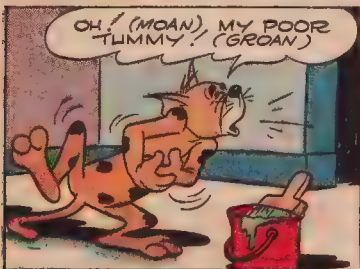
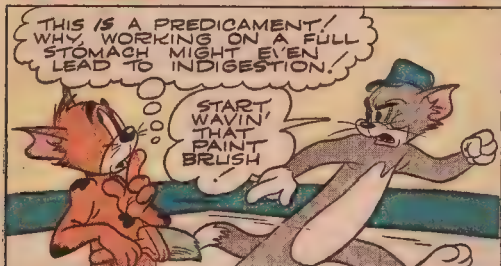
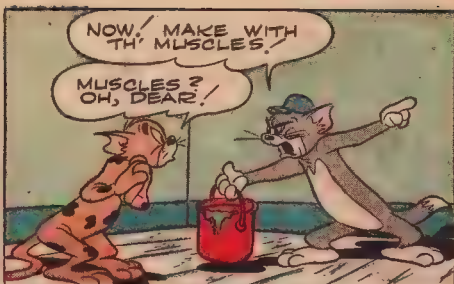


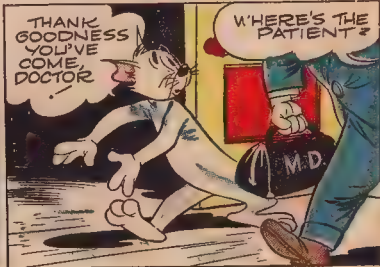
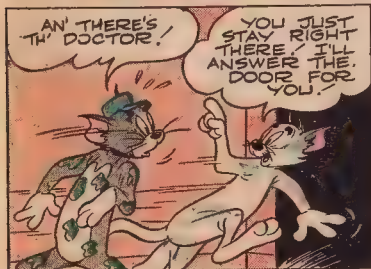
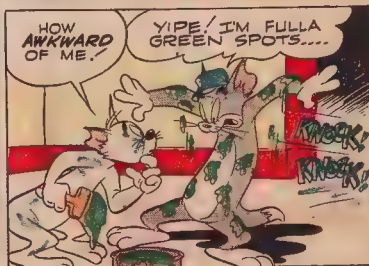
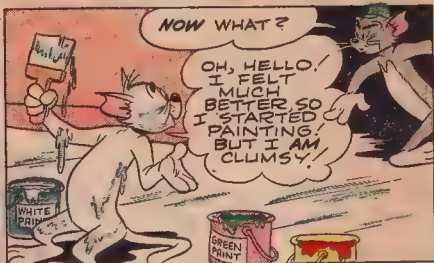
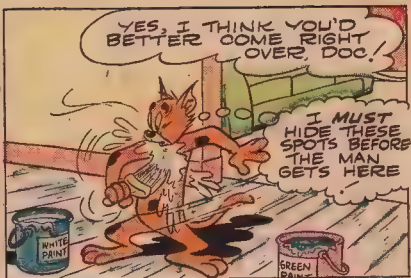
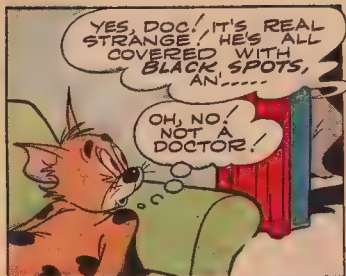


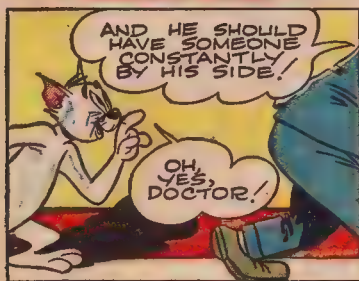
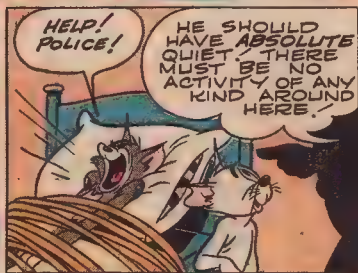
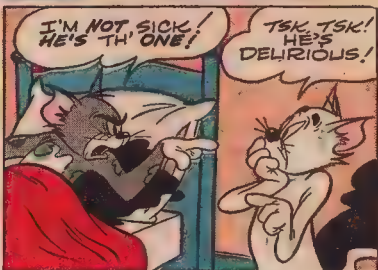
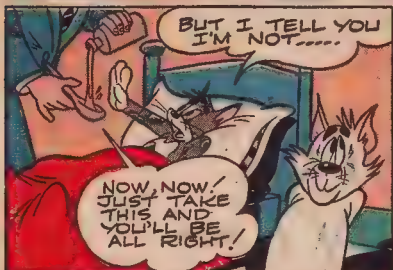
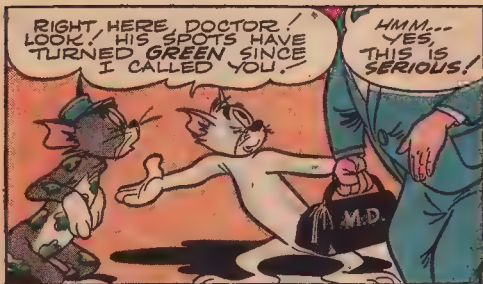












M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES
of
JERRY



Jerry and Tuffy were sitting in their warm little mouse apartment. Tuffy looked up from the tiny kite he was fashioning out of toothpicks and a scrap of brown wrapping paper. "Jerry!" he exclaimed to his pal who was busily engaged in biting the fingers out of a pair of woollen gloves. "What in the world are you doing?"

Jerry pulled a few strands of loose wool off his whiskers and held up the results of his work. "Why, I've been making us some warm coats!" he answered. "If we're going outside to fly that kite, we'll have to be protected from the wind."

Jerry slipped his feet into two of the glove fingers and his tail went nicely through the thumb. Then, with a twist, both arms were through the remaining fingers and his head appeared over the wrist band.

"Well?" Jerry questioned Tuffy, as he pirouetted about in front of his pal.

Tuffy looked dubiously at the many-colored striped picture that was Jerry. "You look kind of baggy and mixed up!" he observed, honestly.

"Nonsense!" retorted Jerry. "The many-colored stripes are most becoming and the coat **FITS ME LIKE A GLOVE!**"

Tuffy laughed. "O.K., I'll take your word for it! At any rate, the kite's finished, so let's go out and see how it works."

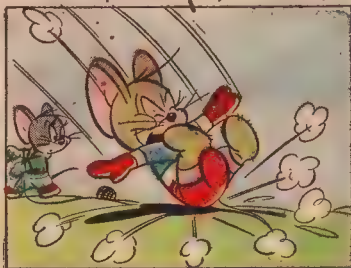
Tuffy struggled into the strange garment Jerry had designed for him and soon the two little fellows were scampering merrily through the chill winds.

Jerry held the kite, while Tuffy held on to the string. Jerry had just started to run, so that he could start the kite sailing properly into the wind, when . . . WHSSSSSSshhhhhhhHHHHH!!!!!! . . . off the ground he went . . . and into the air!

A strong gust had picked the bit of toothpick and wrapping paper . . . along with Jerry . . . right off the ground!!!

Fortunately . . . for Jerry . . . Tuffy had a good firm grip on the string and he hung on for all he was worth. The wind died down and Jerry hit the ground with a **HARD** bounce!

"Oh!" squeaked Tuffy in a dismayed



voice. "My kite's a mess!"

"That's not all that's a mess!" groaned Jerry, patting himself tenderly here and there. "What a tumble!"

"We might as well go back. It's too cold to just stand around," sighed the disappointed Tuffy.

Jerry had stopped looking for broken bones and was now standing very still, with his nose pointed windward. "Mmmmm!" He drew a deep breath. "Tuffy, doesn't that smell wonderful!"

Tuffy gave him a questioning glance, and said ruefully, "My nose is so frozen I couldn't tell cheese from soap! Doesn't WHAT smell wonderful?"

Jerry's face reflected pure joy as he answered, "Spring, Tuffy! Wonderful, beautiful warm Spring! It's in the air! I can smell it!"

"Brrrrr!" Tuffy shivered as the wind blew hard again. "You sure get some odd notions, Jerry! The ground's frozen hard as rock, there's still some snow around, your ears are beet red from the cold . . . and you talk about Spring!"

But Jerry wiggled his nose and stuck stubbornly to the idea that a change in seasons was somewhere close by. "It's coming from that clump of trees over there, and I'll bet my bottom button that it's Spring!"

"Safe bet isn't it, chum?!" retorted Tuffy. "From where I stand, you seem



to be missing all your buttons . . . and that would include the 'bottom one'!"

Jerry was already on his way towards the place where he thought



Spring was hiding. Tuffy pulled the woolen glove tight around his plump body and followed him. "He's probably got a fever from a cold or something and thinks it's Spring fever!" Tuffy thought to himself. "I'd better think of a way to make him go home."

But nothing could stop Jerry. He started to run and soon both little mice arrived tired and out of breath at the wood-encircled area.

Jerry, who was first, peeked through the brush and then squeaked, "Tuffy! Look!! A silver house!!"

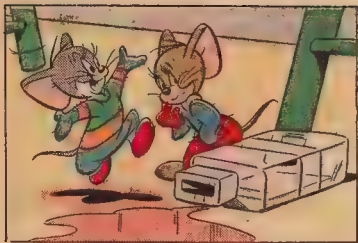
Tuffy peered through the opening too and, sure enough, there was a small square house with two tiny windows on each side. At the back, there was a small stoop and a door. Now, even Tuffy could smell the flowery perfume that had enchanted Jerry! "Let's go in!" he whispered.

Jerry and Tuffy crept to the back stoop. Jerry suddenly pointed to the side of the silver house. "Tuffy! Now I'm sure it's Spring who lives here!" he cried excitedly. "See, there are wheels on the house so she can move anywhere she pleases!"

Tuffy was hopping up the steps to the partly open door. "Don't be silly, Jerry!" he called back to his jubilant pal. "Spring is just a time of year. It can't live in a house!"

Then Tuffy slipped through the door and into the house. "Come on!" he called out to Jerry. "Wait till you see this setup! Hurry, before whoever lives here comes back!"

Jerry joined Tuffy and exclaimed in amazement at the inside of the odd room. "Wh-Why it's all in one!!!" he stuttered. "The kitchen is mixed up with the living room and bedroom!"



"That's right!" chirped Tuffy. "It's a complete one-room apartment . . . and I hate to disappoint you, Jerry, but here's your breath of Spring!" And Tuffy showed Jerry a bottle of flowery perfume that had been spilled. "Some of the stuff must have splashed on the gas heater and that's why it smelled so strong!"

"Aw gee!" sighed Jerry sorrowfully. "I really thought Winter was over!"

Tuffy danced about the room. "But, Jerry!" he squeaked. "You should feel marvelous anyway! What a find this place is! We can live anywhere in the house and still be right next to the kitchen! What's better than that?!"

"Let's take a look at the food supply," suggested the more cautious Jerry.

A quick trip around the small cupboard over the kitchen sink was enough to assure Jerry and Tuffy that they would have plenty of food. Jerry found a half-empty box of crackers which was filled with broken bits, and Tuffy, in his scurrying about, knocked the top off a jar of peanut butter.

Jerry and Tuffy perched on the edge of the jar and dipped the crumbs into the nourishing spread. When they had eaten all that they could, they looked about for a good spot to set up house-keeping.

They were exploring the floor under the bed, when they heard approaching voices, interrupted now and then by a loud bark!

"Uh, Oh!" gasped Jerry. "That dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but I'd just as soon find out from a distance!" He grabbed the pull cord which hung from one pair of curtains, then

leaped onto the bed, shouting to Tuffy to join him.

Both mice grabbed the cord, and starting at one end of the bed, ran its entire length, working up enough speed to swing themselves across the room. They landed high in a kitchen cupboard.

"Whew!" panted Tuffy as he stood resting weakly against a sugar bowl.

"That WAS close!" agreed Jerry, pulling off his glove-coat and mopping his brow with one of the fingers.

"That dog's in here now!" Tuffy announced, fearfully. "I heard them let him in and then lock the door again . . . I didn't see him though . . . Did you, Jerry?"

"No," answered his pal, "but don't worry! We're safe and comfortable up here! Let's eat a lump of sugar . . . or two . . . and relax."

After munching contentedly for a while, Jerry curled up in a teacup, and Tuffy in a saucer.

They were soon fast asleep. But, not for long!

Less than an hour later, Jerry was shaken awake! What jolting and rumbling! . . . What noise! . . . Every object in the china closet rattled and banged!!!

"Tuffy!" shouted Jerry. "Tuffy! Wake up! There's an earthquake!!!"

Tuffy peered over the edge of his saucer . . . and squeaked, "Let's get out of here!"

Jerry held him back as he started to leap from the cupboard. "What about the dog?!" cautioned Jerry. "He may be down there too!"

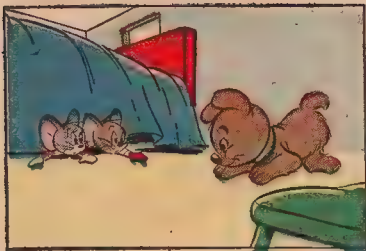
"Then that will make two of us!" cried Tuffy. "I'm sure not staying HERE! A 'tempest in a teapot' may be nothing serious . . . but an earthquake in a whole closet of banging teacups is more than I can take!!!"

Both little mice held hands, closed their eyes and jumped . . .

They landed safely on the bed.

"Wh-What luck!" breathed Tuffy. They huddled together on the bed, but no dog appeared and they began to feel better.

In fact, on the soft bed even the



earthquake seemed far less terrifying, and they were just about to continue their nap, when . . . "WHOOOFF!!!" . . . they heard a bark!!! . . .

Tuffy grabbed Jerry again and whispered, "G-G-golly! He sounds vicious!"

"I am NOT vicious!" piped a high indignant voice. "And, besides, it's vicious of you to say so! Why . . . I'm as timid as a mouse!"

Tuffy flexed his small muscles and retorted, "I like that! You might as well know, my fine canine friend, MICE are NOT timid!" . . .

Then, Tuffy dove under the bed just ahead of his pal, Jerry, as a miniature poodle wiggled out from beneath the stove.

"Don't hide!" the dog pleaded in a plaintive tone. "I won't hurt you!"

Jerry and Tuffy peeked out from under the bedspread. "He IS awful tiny!" admitted Jerry.

"He sure is!" said Tuffy, who was fast regaining all his courage. "What happened to you?" he addressed the poodle. "Did this earthquake we're having shake you down to that size?"

"Earthquake?" queried the puzzled poodle. "What earthquake?"

"Don't tell me you can't feel all the swaying and bouncing this house is doing?" cried Jerry.

"Of course, I feel it!" laughed the little dog. "This 'house' happens to be a trailer, which is being pulled along a bumpy road by a car! Guess I'm so used to it, I don't even notice it any more."

"Willikers!!" exclaimed Jerry. "Tuffy, we've got to get out of here!"

The poodle looked very sad. "Oh, please stay and play with me! I'm

lonely . . . and you'll like living in a trailer! Just think, any time we don't like the weather, we just pick up and move somewhere else!"

"And that's exactly what WE'RE going to do!" squeaked Jerry, as he pulled on his coat and nudged Tuffy to do the same. "We're going to get out of this trailer as soon as it stops and head home! I'd rather have the weather beating up storms outside and be asleep in a nice warm apartment that doesn't go jumping all about when I least expect it!"

A few minutes later, the car did pull to a stop and the trailer gave a sudden lurch, sending Jerry, Tuffy, and the poodle tumbling over one another.

As soon as the back door to the trailer was opened, Jerry and Tuffy dashed out!

"Don't go!" the lonely poodle barked after them. But Jerry and Tuffy waved good-bye . . . and kept walking . . .

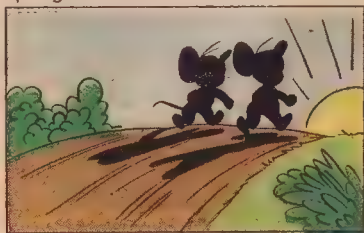
Jerry looked at his pal, "Boy! It's lucky we woke up when we did! That trailer might have landed us most anywhere!"

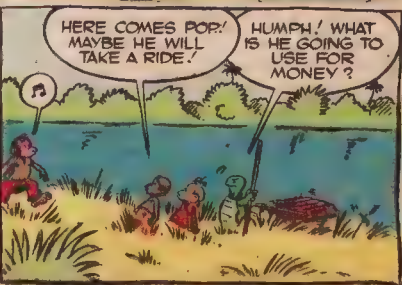
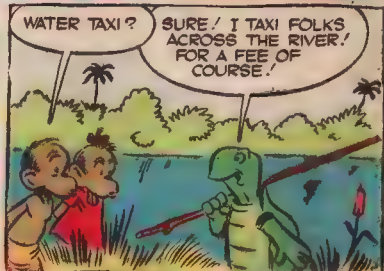
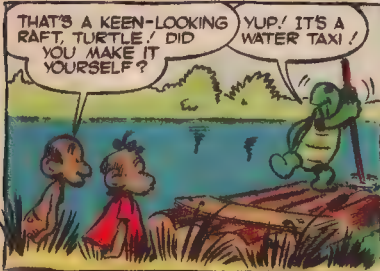
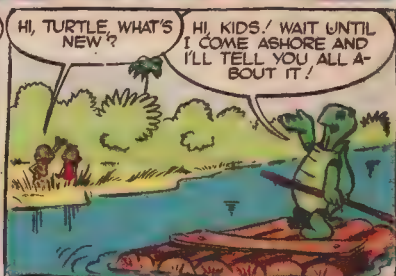
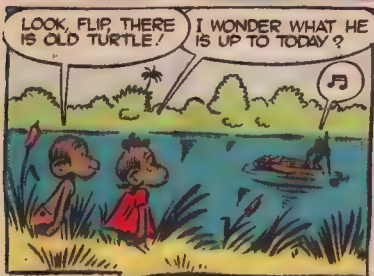
"Yeah!" agreed Tuffy. "And after a couple of rough trips, 'landing anywhere' might be painful!"

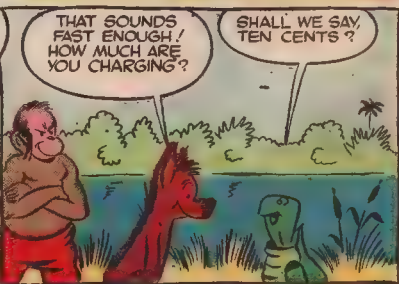
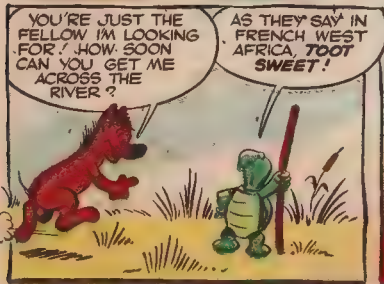
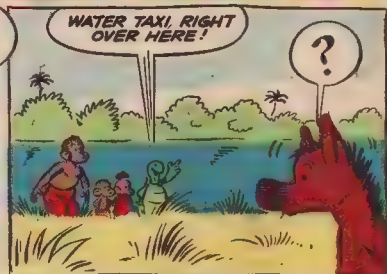
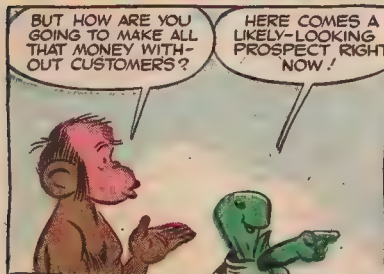
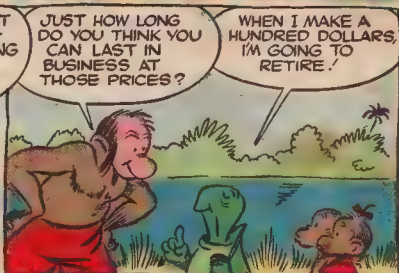
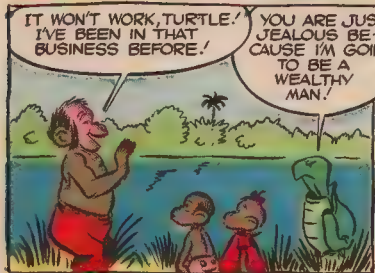
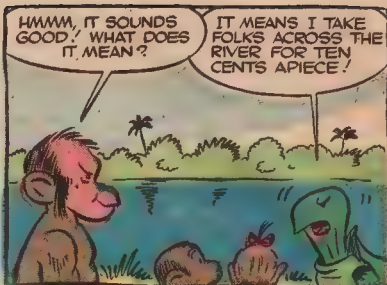
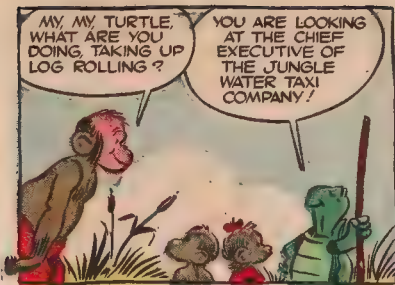
Then, hand in hand, Jerry and Tuffy swung down the road towards home.

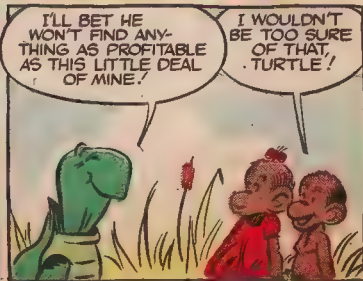
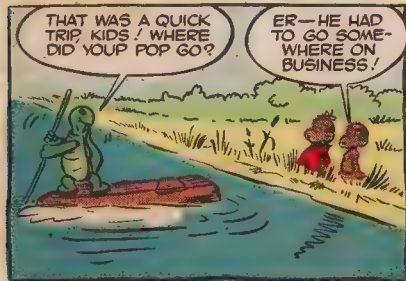
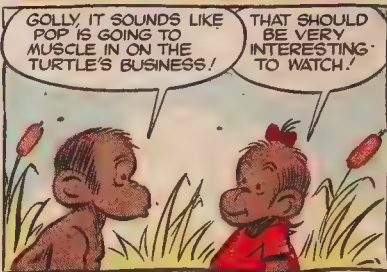
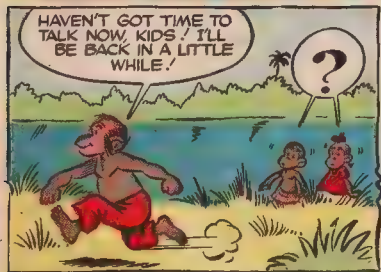
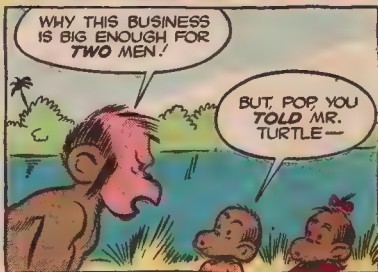
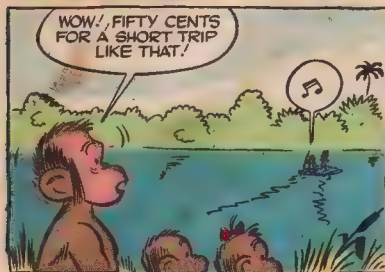
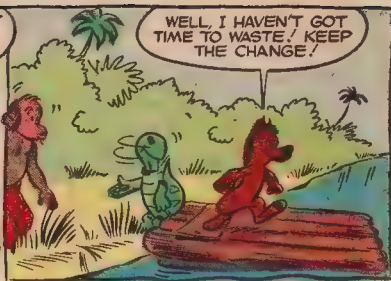
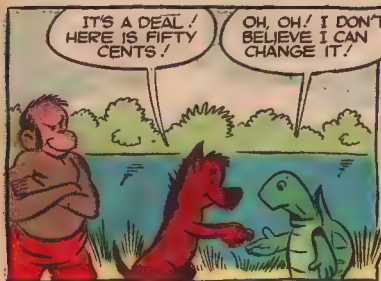
It had begun to snow furiously when Jerry and Tuffy finally sighted the lighted windows of the house they inhabited. The wind blew the cold, stinging flakes of snow against their shivering bodies, dispelling all of Jerry's thoughts about an early spring.

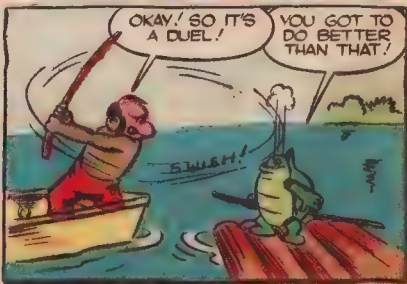
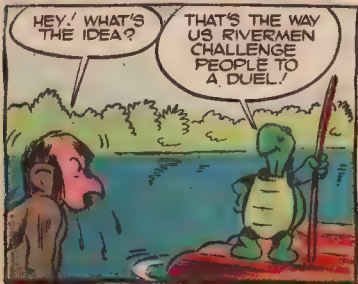
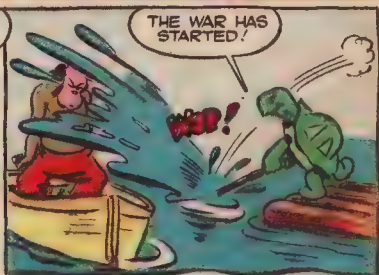
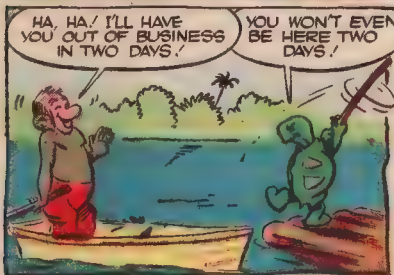
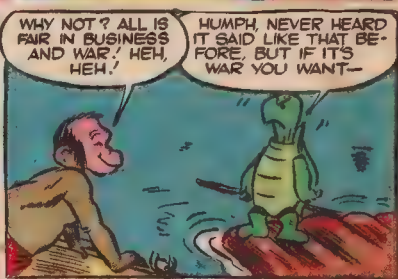
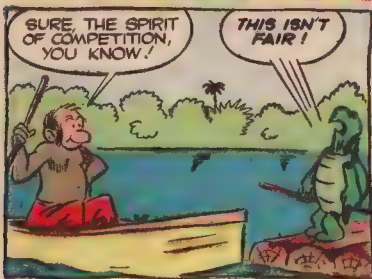
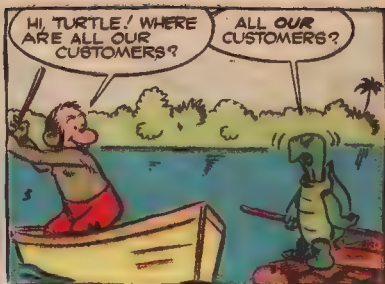
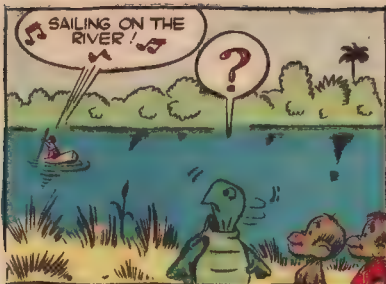
"You know, Tuffy," Jerry confessed, through chattering teeth, "the next time I get Spring fever, I'll wait till Spring has REALLY SPRUNG!"

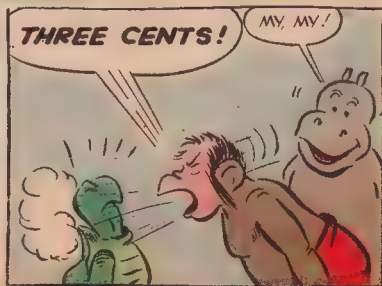
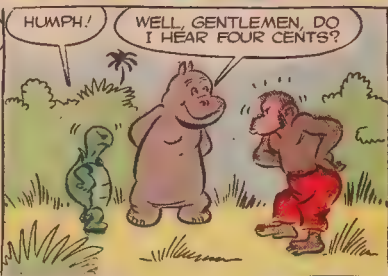
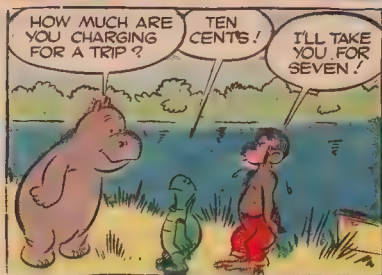
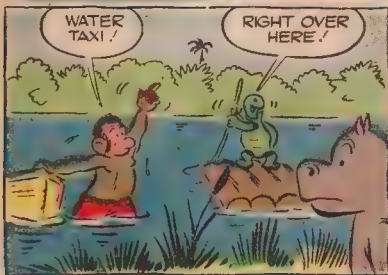
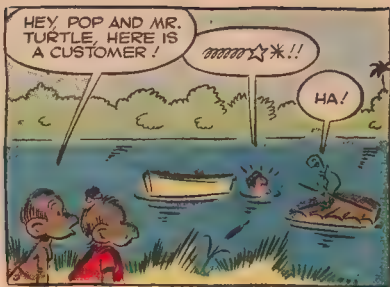
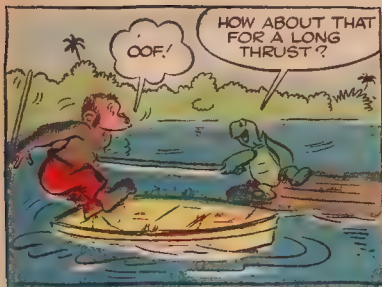


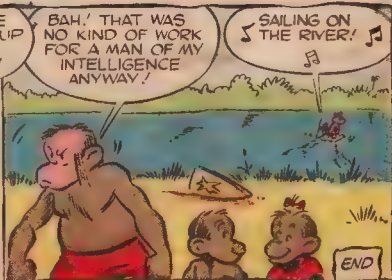
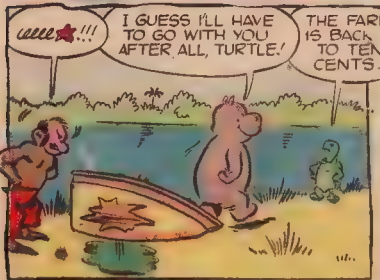
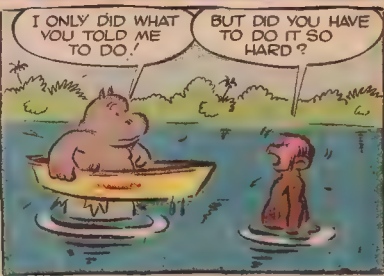
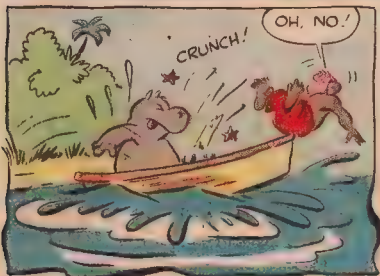
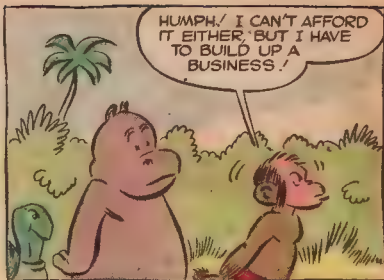
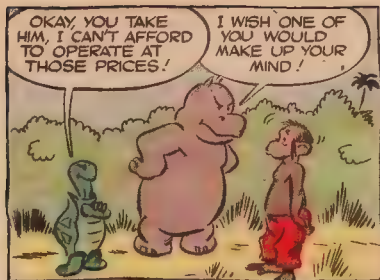












M.G.M.
CARTOONS
present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE DOG

HEY, TWO-GUN SAM! IT'S ABOUT TIME
FOR THE STAGECOACH! WE'D
BETTER GET SET TO HOLD
'ER UP!

OKAY,
SAGEBRUSH
WUFF! WE CAN AMBUSH IT
FROM BEHIND THAT BIG CACTUS!

LISTEN! I HEAR THE
STAGE COMIN' NOW!

STAGE
NOTHIN'!
IT'S
SOMEBODY WHISTLIN'!

M-MAYBE IT'S
CHARLIE
COYOTE!

I'LL LOOK
AN' SEE!

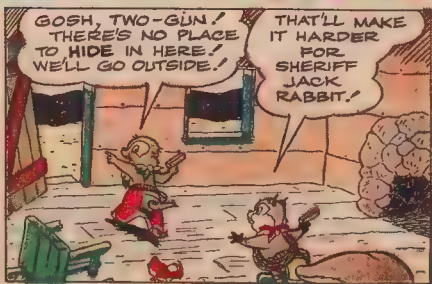
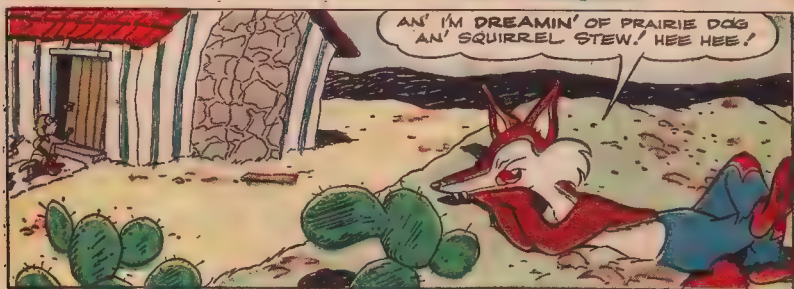
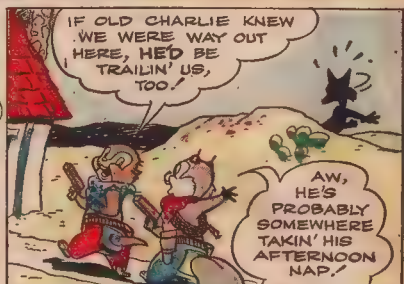
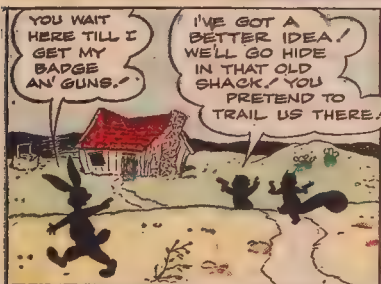
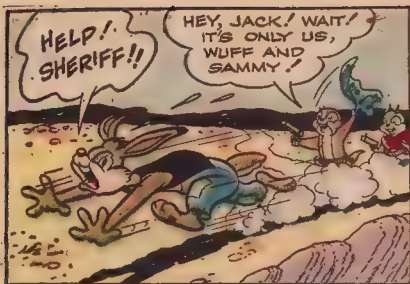
DON'T WORRY, SAMMY!
IT'S ONLY JACK
RABBIT!

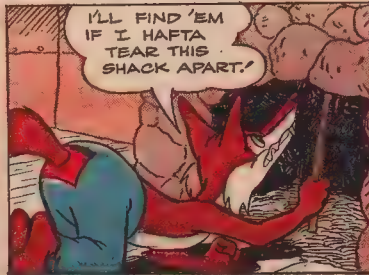
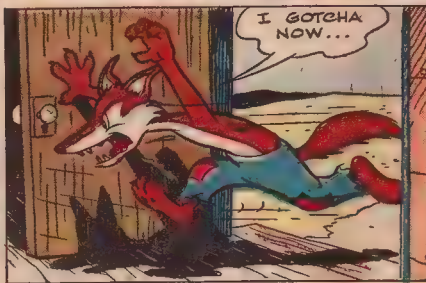
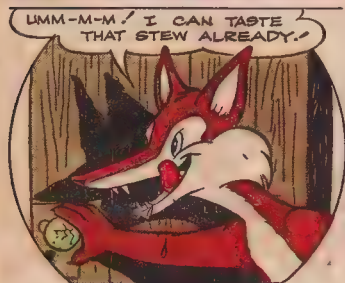
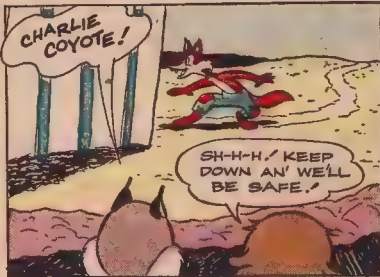
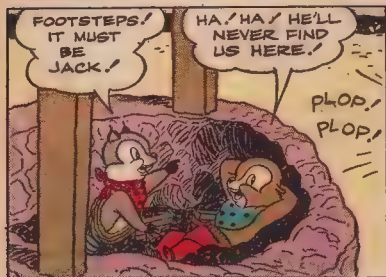
SAY, WUFF...
LET'S MAKE
BELIEVE HE'S THE
STAGE DRIVER
AN' SCARE
HIM!

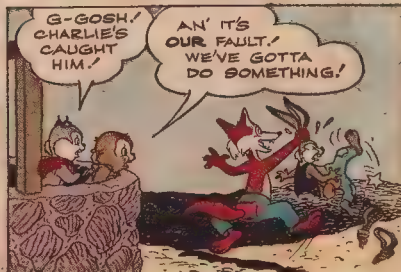
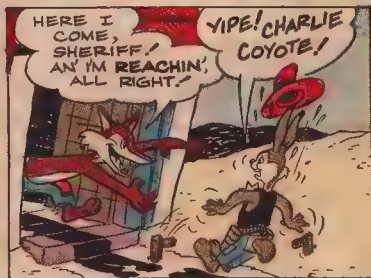
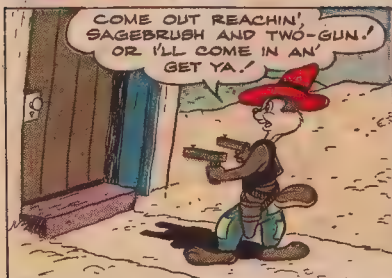
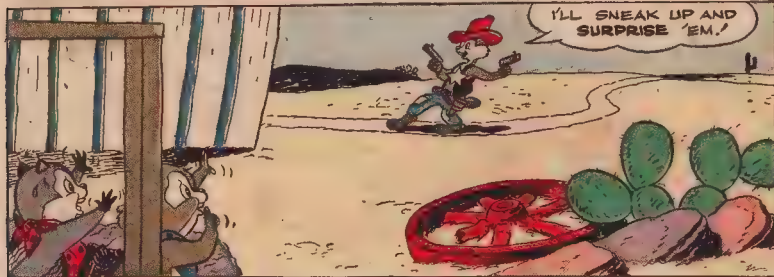
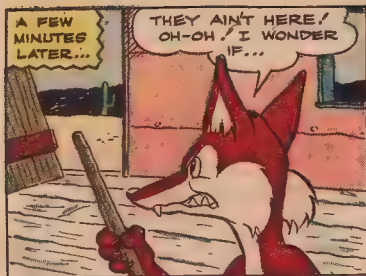
OKAY!

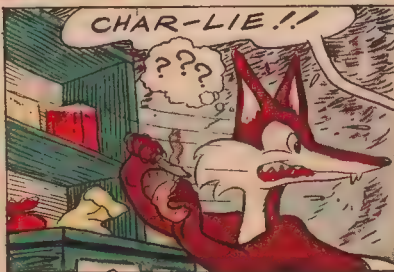
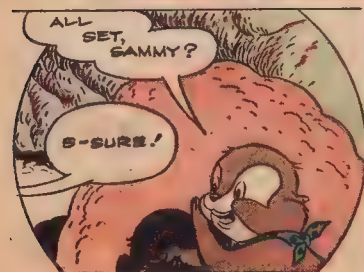
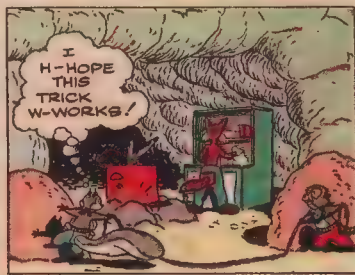
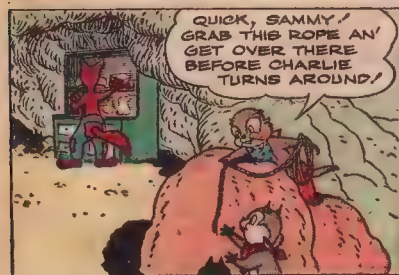
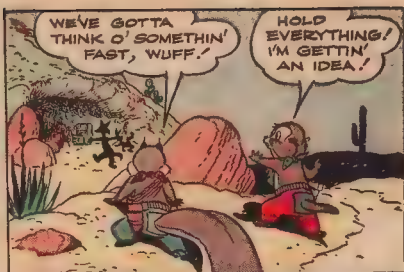
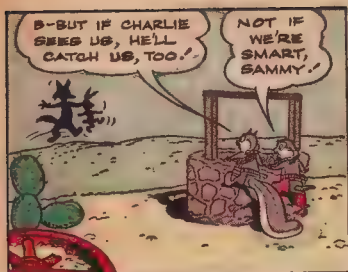
OH, BURY ME NOT
ON THE LONE
PRAIRIE! ??

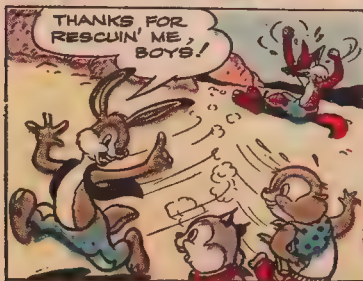
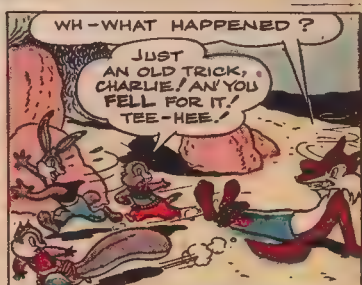
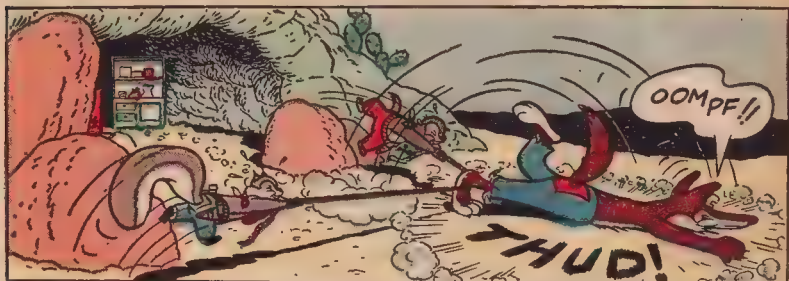
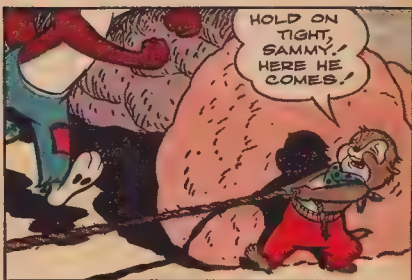
REACH FOR
THE
SKY,
STRANGER!











M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

Barney Bear and Benny Bunny

BENNY, THIS OL' STOVE
IS AN EYESORE!

I'M GONNA GET
RID OF IT!

BUT, BARNEY,
WE'VE GOTTA HAVE
SOMETHING TO KEEP
US WARM!

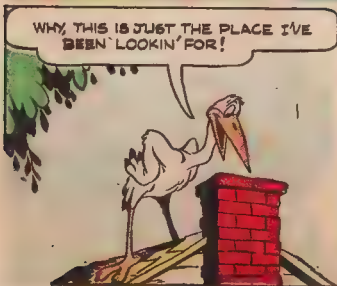
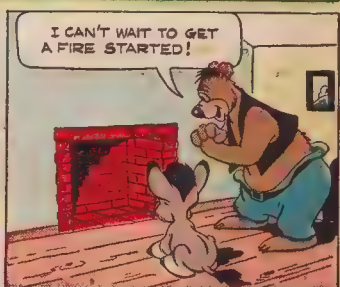
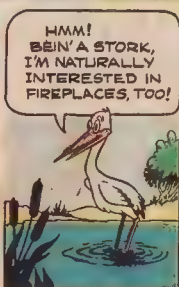
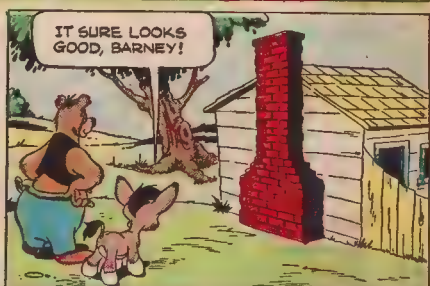
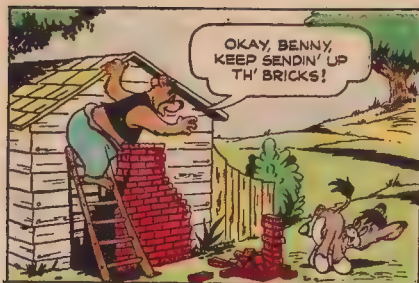
SAY, HOW ABOUT
A FIREPLACE?

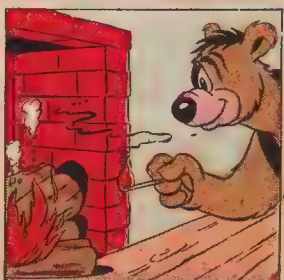
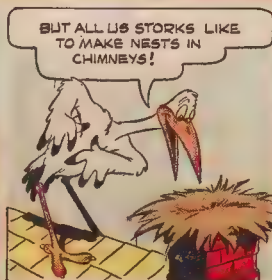
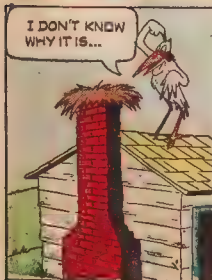
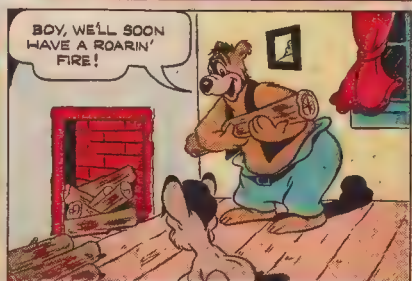
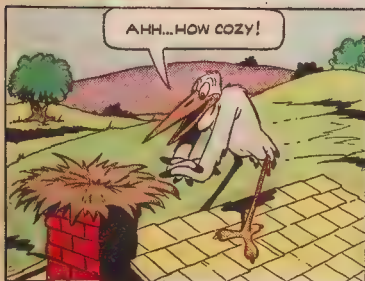
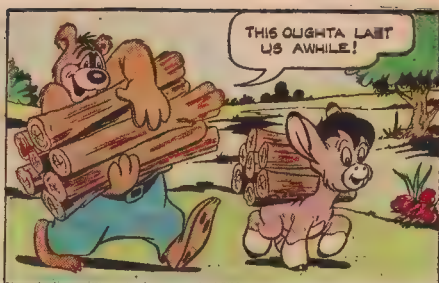
A FIREPLACE? SWELL! WE'LL
BUILD ONE!

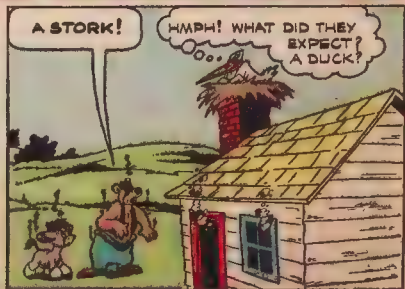
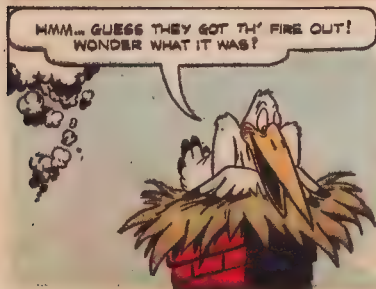
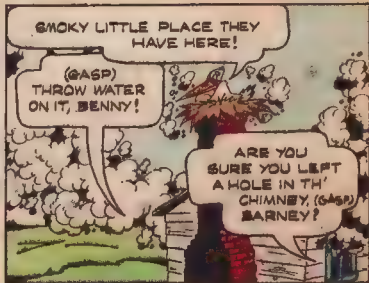
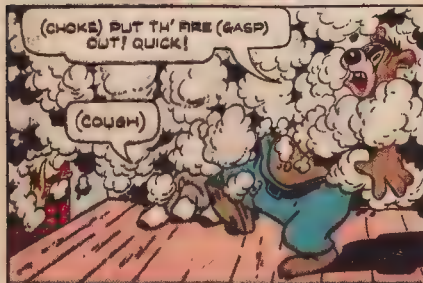
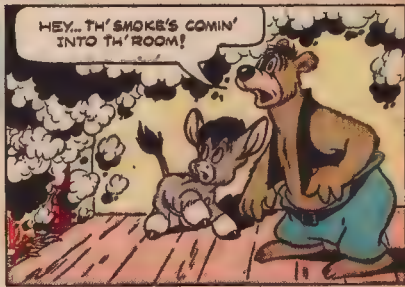
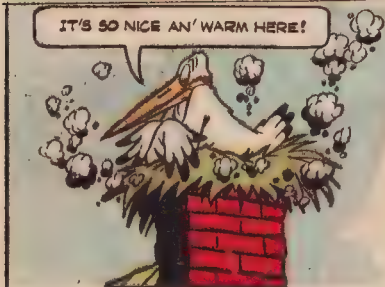
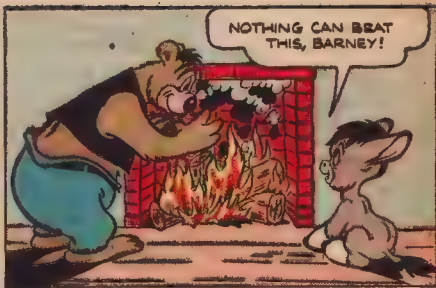
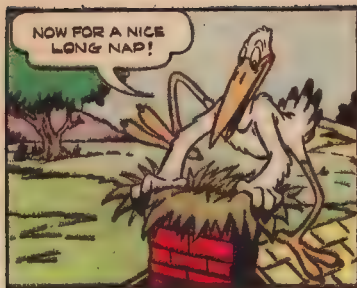
WE'VE GOT
ENOUGH BRICKS
NOW, BENNY!

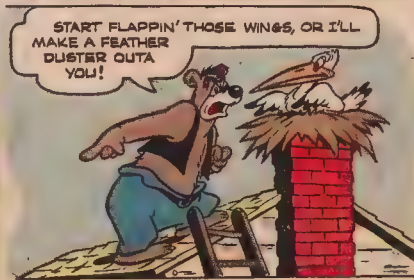
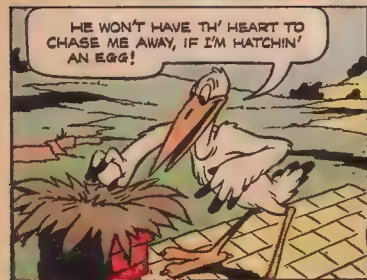
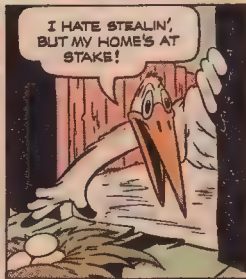
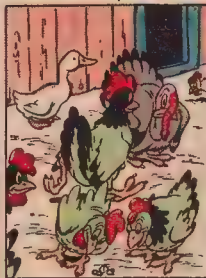
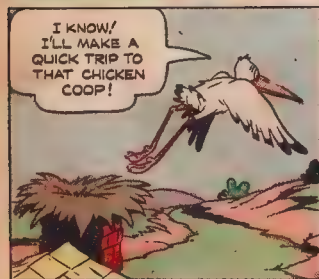
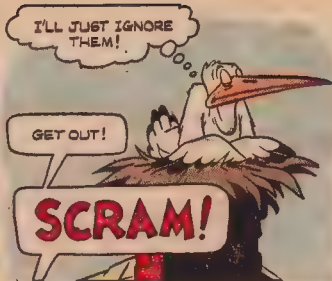
GEE, THIS IS EASY! JUST PILE UP
THE BRICKS, AN' STICK 'EM TOGETHER!

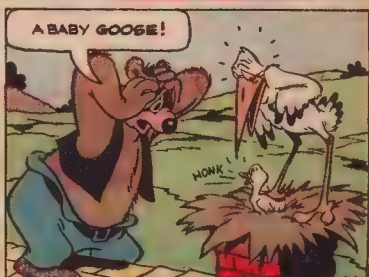
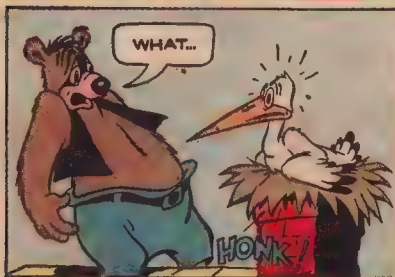
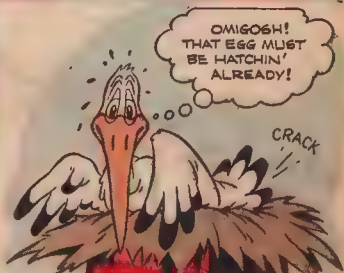
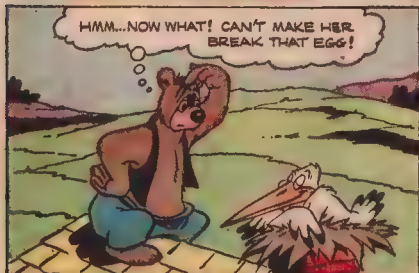
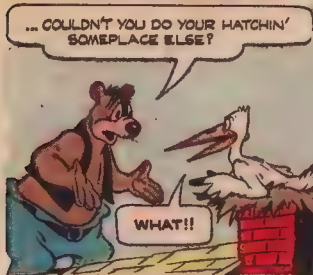
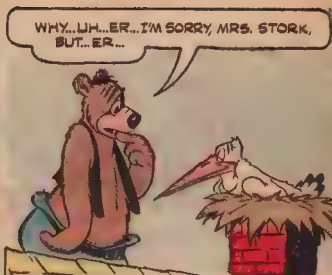
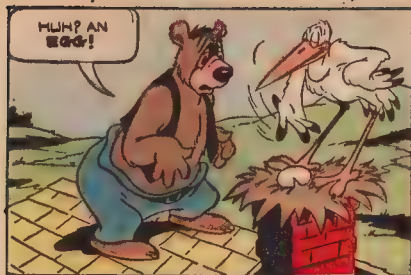
WE OUGHTA BE
FINISHED BY
NOON!

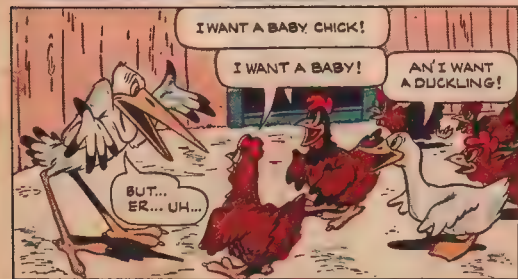
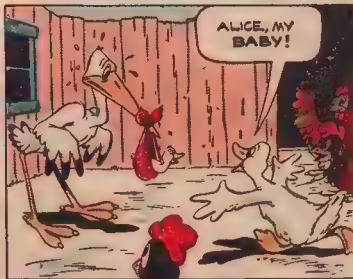
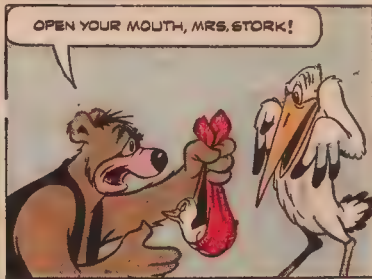
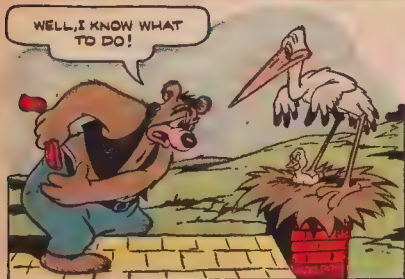
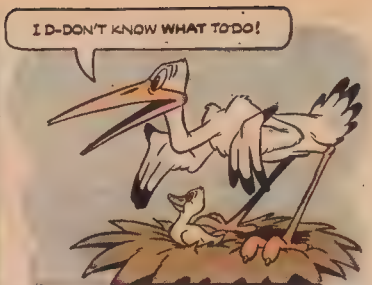
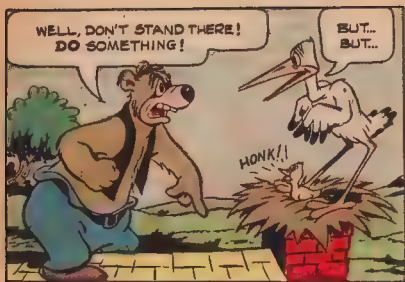


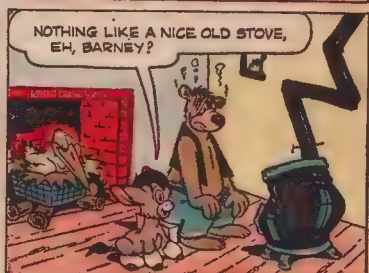
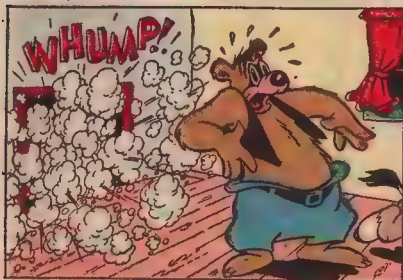
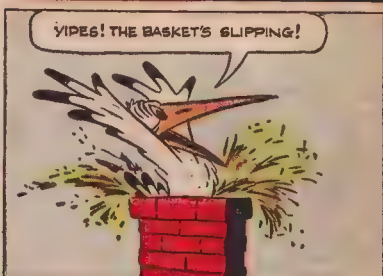
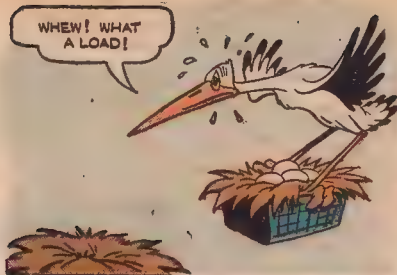










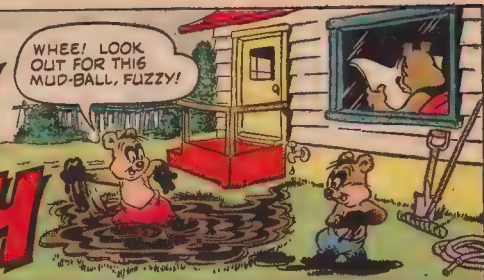


BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

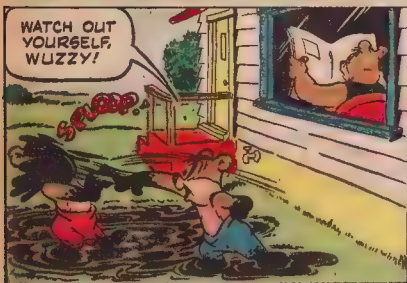
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

FUZZY and WUZZY

WHEE! LOOK
OUT FOR THIS
MUD-BALL, FUZZY!



WATCH OUT
YOURSELF,
WUZZY!



ARE YOU DRESSING
YOUR BOYS LIKE
LITTLE GENTLEMEN?



DO YOU FOLLOW
FASHIONS FOR THEM?
LOOK AT THEM!

ARE YOU PROUD
TO ADMIT THEY
BELONG TO YOU?

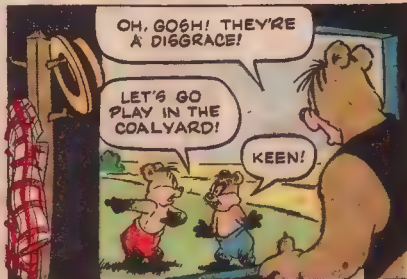
GIVE THEM ALL THE
SOCIAL ADVANTAGES
WITH OUR SMART SUITS!



OH, GOSH! THEY'RE
A DISGRACE!

LET'S GO
PLAY IN THE
COALYARD!

KEEN!



I'LL BUY THEM THOSE
SUITS I SAW
ADVERTISED...

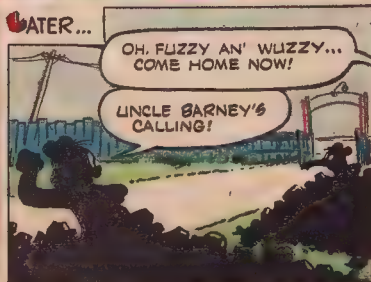
KIDDY
KIDNEY

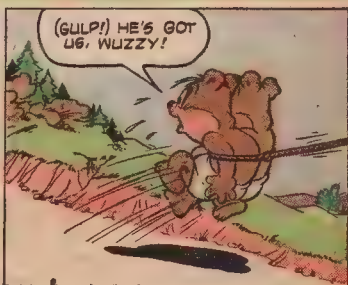
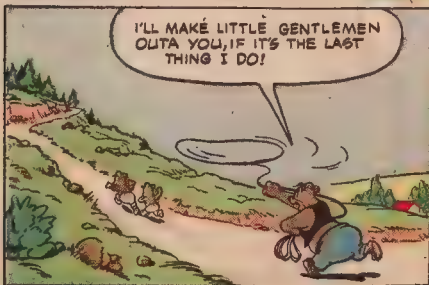
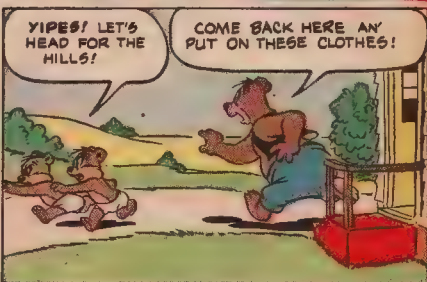
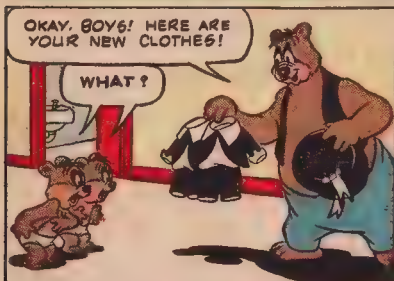
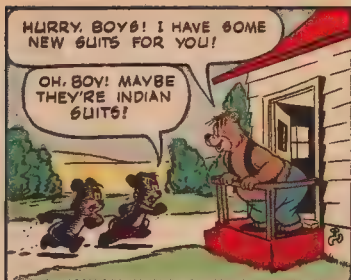


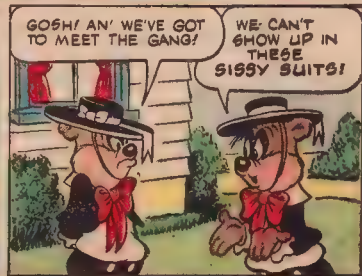
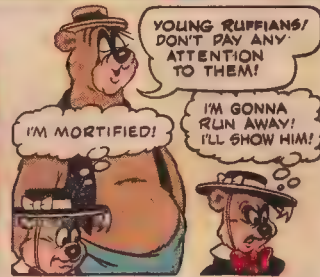
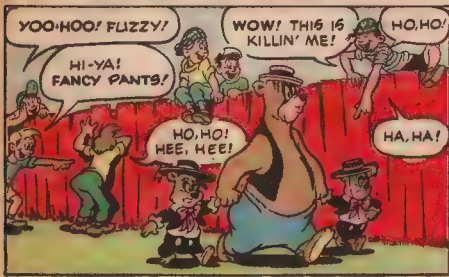
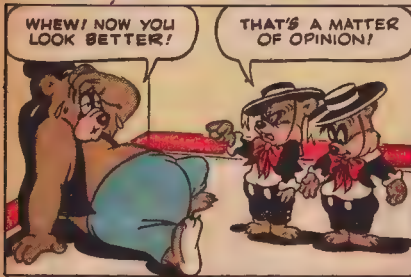
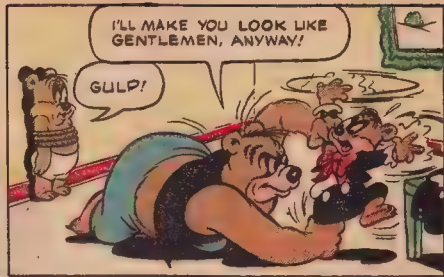
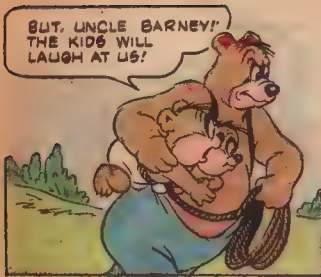
WATER...

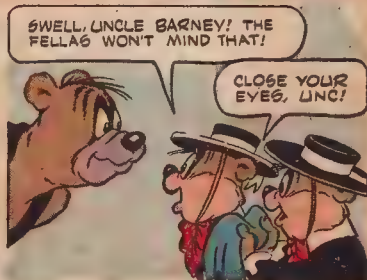
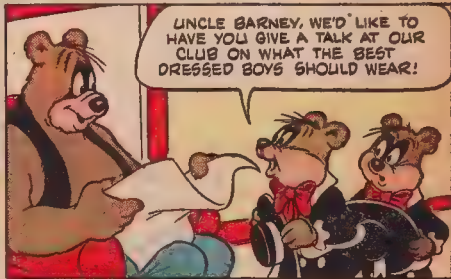
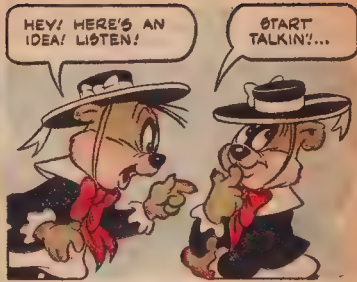
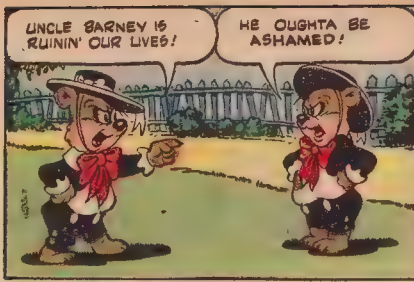
OH, FUZZY AN' WUZZY...
COME HOME NOW!

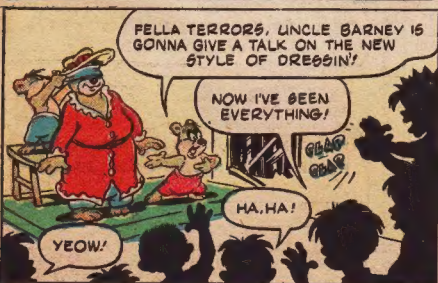
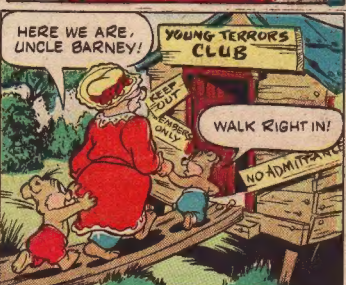
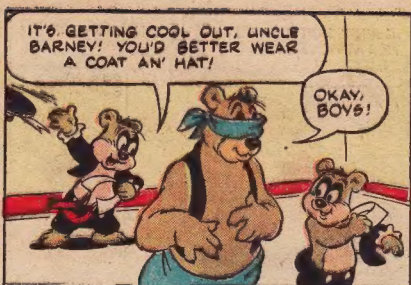
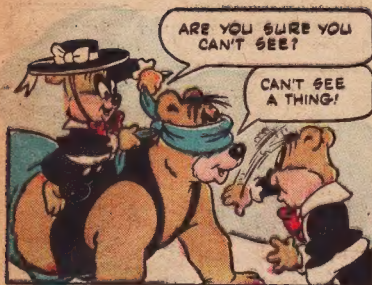
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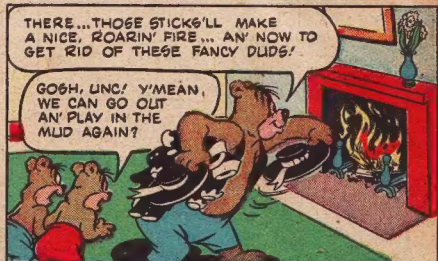












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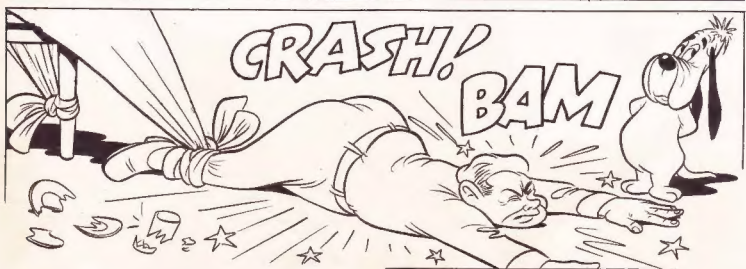
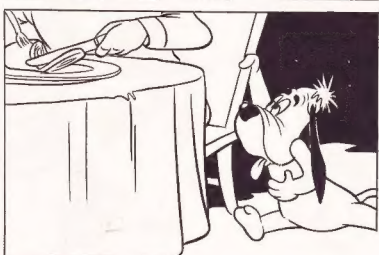
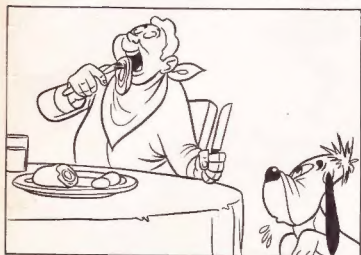
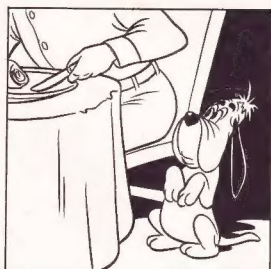
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